

Don't Assume

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Don't Assume

Tony had thought about asking Bucky to go steady before, but as always he kept quiet. It wasn't like they fell into this because they had been in love, it had started out as a pure hate thing, and just because Tony had no control over his feelings didn't mean Bucky had to deal with this.

Tony was fully aware that he wouldn't be able to keep this up for long, now that he was in love with Bucky, but breaking it off would be a great deal less painful than to admit to Bucky that he had fallen for him and then deal with Bucky's disgust and hate.

It would be fine like this. He could pretend for a few more weeks that Bucky really wanted him and not only came to him when he needed to get rid of some pent up frustrations, and when they ended this, nothing would have to change.

Except...things were already changing. Tony was painfully aware that he didn't turn Bucky down anymore, not even when he was in a work binge like he had before, and he had to be aware of what his hands were doing at any time now; they had developed the tendency to stray all over Bucky's body lately, and it seemed more like loving caresses than lust induced clutching.

But those weren't the only things that changed. Bucky came over when he was relaxed and lose, and obviously didn't want sex. Still, he came to the workshop almost daily, watched Tony work and talked to him. Tony didn't know if it was because Bucky felt like he was using Tony and needed to justify it somehow or if something else was going on, but it didn't really help Tony with his feelings.

And even the sex wasn't as quick and rushed as before, Bucky tended to linger now, he lay in bed for some time before Tony couldn't take it anymore and got up to go to the bathroom.

Just like this evening. But when he came back out again, confident that he had pulled himself together enough, Bucky was still sitting on his bed.

"What are you still doing here?" Tony asked from the doorway and Bucky looked up at him. He had moved to the edge of the bed and Tony could see that he wasn't even wearing underwear yet.

"Why are you always leaving for the bathroom so quickly?" Bucky asked, voice low and Tony felt a shiver down his back.

"I'm not as young as you are, Bucky. If I stay there, I'll fall asleep really soon."

"And you don't want that," Bucky continued when Tony suddenly fell silent and Tony shrugged.

It wasn't like he didn't want that, he wanted it too much already, but Tony was pretty sure that Bucky wouldn't be too pleased with that. Tony was an octopus in bed, clingy, and he woke up wrapped around the people he went to bed with more than once. Tony didn't know if he could take that with Bucky.

"I promised myself I would say something if it ever looked like you would want this," Bucky abruptly said and Tony froze.

He had known that this wouldn't go on forever but now that Bucky was no doubly going to tell him to fuck off and that this wouldn't happen again, he was shocked. He hadn't expected it to hurt this much.

"And you know, it still doesn't, but I'm gonna say it nonetheless."

Tony wanted to ask Bucky to not do this, but he couldn't. His voice seemed lost and he gripped the doorframe to keep himself steady.

"I don't want this to be just physical," Bucky said and lifted his head to look directly at Tony as he said it.

"I'm sorry, what?" Tony croaked because that was not what he had been expecting.

"I said, I don't want this to be just physical. I want this to be a relationship." Bucky stood up now, still gloriously naked and obviously unashamed, and his voice was firm. "I want to be with you. I fell in love with you along the way."

"But you don't want this," Tony stuttered out and Bucky frowned.

"I don't want what?" he asked and Tony shook his head.

"Me. I kept telling me you don't want me, I mean why should you, and that you wouldn't want a relationship with me, you know, I'm clingy in bed, that's the reason I always get up lately, because you linger, and if I fall asleep I'll cuddle you and you...don't want that," Tony

weakly closed his rambling and Bucky frowned at him.

"How would you know what I want if you never asked me?"

"Yeah, well, maybe it was a bit hasty to assume this, but I know I'm good enough for a quick fuck but not for the relationship that could follow."

"You are exactly good enough for all of that. So don't keep making these decisions, when you don't even know what I want."

"You want me," Tony said, voice a bit wondrous, and slowly Bucky smiled at him.

"Yes. And I want you to fall asleep next to me and then cuddle up and not letting me go. It sounds nice."

"I can...do that," Tony said, a bit hesitant again, because suddenly this seemed so unreal.

"Then why don't you come back to bed and maybe we can cuddle before we fall asleep," Bucky told him and extended a hand towards him.

Tony quickly walked forwards and took his hand, afraid that Bucky might rethink everything he just said, but Bucky pulled him closer and brushed a soft kiss across his lips. This was also new and Tony shuddered.

"Let's go to bed," Bucky whispered and Tony nodded. It sounded like a wonderful idea.

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file.